

INFANTILE ANALYSIS

VOLUME 1 / NUMBER 1

adults only

INFANTILISM: PROLOG



Specific sexual aberrations have, from time to time, been the focal point or subject matter of erotically oriented magazines and adult periodicals. Many of these aberrations or manifestations of genetic and/or environmentally caused fetishes overlap one another in a fragmented pattern of compulsion.

Perhaps no other sexual involvement calls to mind as many symptoms of symbiotic sexuality under one common banner as that of the individual personally enamored with the condition known as INFANTILISM! It is well within the emotional boundaries of this particular fetish that degradation, Momism, bondage, discipline, S&M, subservience, dominance, ego regression, psycho-neurosis and enema-worship, to name a few, conveniently blend together in the whole of the act!

Physical size of the subject, coloration of hair, eyes, and general demeanor give no overt indication as to the degree said subject embraces this condition. Meek, mild-mannered milk-toasts, as well as huge, burly specimens of masculinity, fall prey to this unique fetish.

INFANTILISM, in and of itself, does not physically HURT anyone, but rather, enables the "actor" to fantasize himself/herself a child again. In accomplishing this task, he or she may go to extremes (i.e., constructing conditions and situations that babies would be found in, playing with toys, drinking out of infantile-preferred containers, and similar activity).

"Letting it all hang out," is but one justification of the act, according to some case studies. Posing as an infant with a small supporting cast sympathetic towards the ensuing activity can be quite erotic, it would appear. "Normal" sexual activity practiced among heterosexual/homosexual couples such as intercourse, anilingus, cunnilingus, etc., do not necessarily play any role in this "pastime." In fact, merely ARRIVING at the condition of childhood on a believable level constitutes fulfillment!

Consider the following classical example of INFANTILISM as depicted in a recent case study of one male Caucasian, middle-age, blue-collar worker. The ramifications of such a study will serve to enlighten you to the INTERESTING if not ENVIOUS world of the lover of INFANTILISM!







BIG BABYKINS

It seemed like forever-and-a-day from the time I responded to an ad in an underground publication requesting "infantile slaves" and the date the postman delivered a letter of reciprocation.

I was ALWAYS subconsciously into light domination, being what one would consider an armchair subservient. Know what I mean? READING, not actually PARTICIPATING in that sort of activity! Funny thing about those sex-ads . . . I've always suspected they were put there by cranks or lonely people wanting kinky companionship of some sort. My responding to such an ad personally settled the issue, once and for all.

into three parts and at the top of its right-hand corner was displayed the return address of the sender. It seemed as though my pen pal was hung up on printing EVERYTHING in Gothic typeface. It definitely set the tone for the literary demands:

"My name is Mistress X. I have received your letter of inquiry and am therefore responding. Obviously, you are a SUBMISSIVE or you wouldn't have taken the time to write me. I will teach you TRUE submissiveness like you have NEVER been taught! You will call me at my unlisted Los Angeles telephone number at EXACTLY the time and date stated in the next paragraph. If you are so



Opening the mailbox, I noticed a few letters, one exhibiting a return address that was carefully hand-lettered in a beautiful but sinister Gothic style, reminiscent of an age when morality was strictly enforced by the Church!

Stuffing the envelope into my jacket pocket, I turned towards my front door, a few yards away. After I reentered the apartment, I felt secure knowing that my nosy neighbors and their preying eyes were denied reading whatever response my letter held!

Nervously, I slit open the envelope and drew out its contents. The enclosed letter was neatly folded

much as ONE MINUTE LATE in following these orders, I will tan your ass so that you won't be able to sit down for a WEEK!"

Well . . . that was THAT! I was really turned on by the way Madame X nailed down the rules. I marked the particular date and time on the calendar, making sure to leave those hours available for her. No sense in getting off on a bad footing with a complete stranger, I thought.

D-Day eventually rolled around! After losing a little sleep over the anticipation of it all, I timed my wristwatch to the very second. In fact, I called the telephone company and listened to the woman





who ticked off the time every ten seconds. When the second hand on my watch reached fifteen seconds prior to the time Mistress X wanted contact with me over the phone, I slowly started dialing her number, computing the lapsed time so the second hand would be right on the ole button, TIME-wise! I was RIGHT!

Instead of saying "hello," a voice on the other end said, "It's pretty fucking lucky for you that you called my number when you did, you SCUM."

I was SHOCKED! SPEECHLESS!!! I mean, what a way to say "hi" to someone you don't even KNOW!

"Well, speak UP, asshole! Do you think I have



all DAY?"

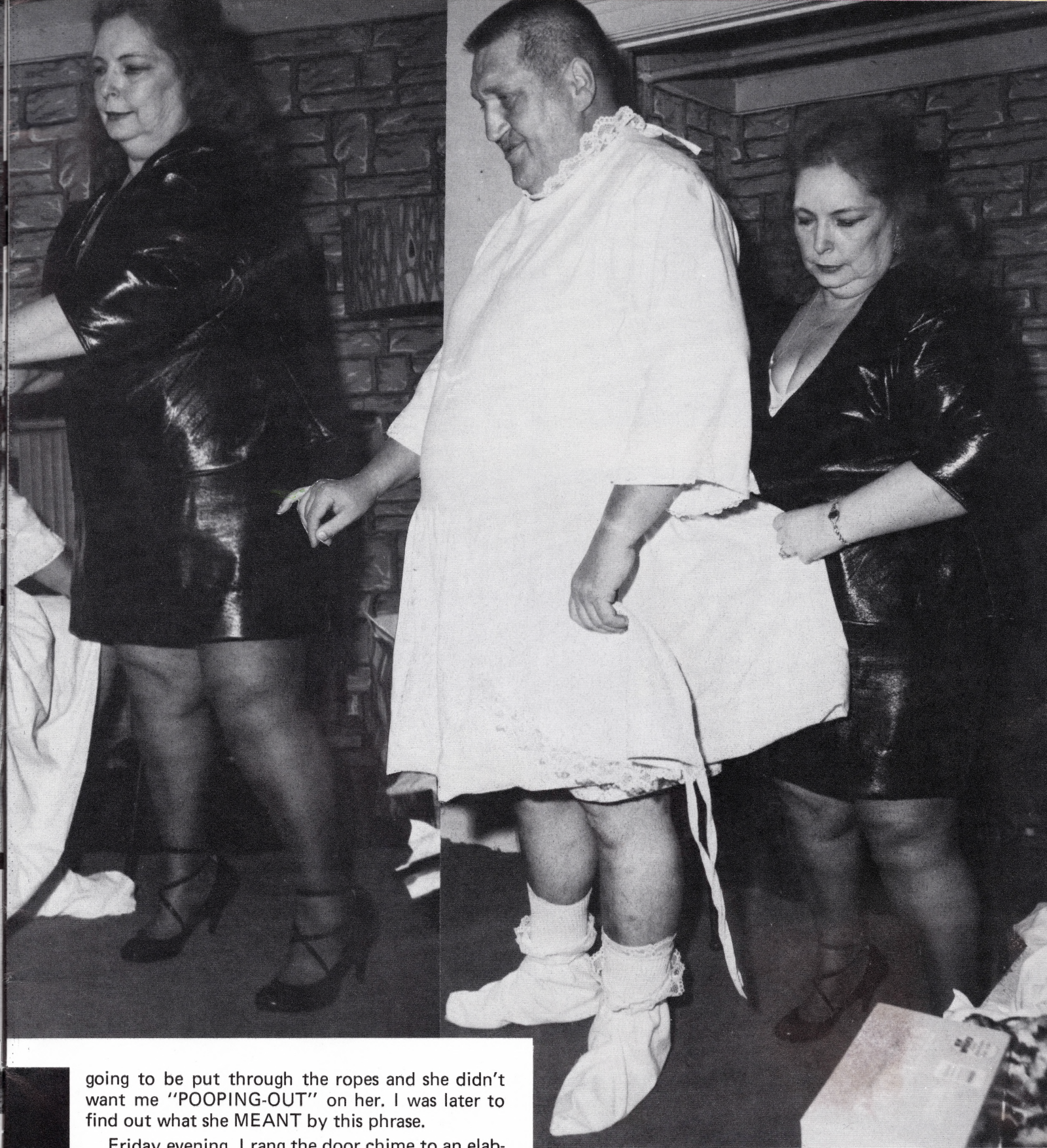
I finally regained some of my composure and said, "Hel . . . hel . . . hello, Mixtress X."

"Well, so the little boy's got a VOICE, has he? Hmmph! Isn't that NICE!" Her voice was heavy-laden with a mixture of sarcasm and implied brutality. It reminded me of the type of woman who relished "talking-down" to men. GOSH, maybe she was one of those woman LIBBERS I heard so much about.

Throughout the bizarre conversation (which was short, I might add), she vigorously inquired into my personal life; what I did for a living, if I was married, how tall I was, how heavy, if I liked girls or boys . . . just funny things like THAT. I imagine she was mentally drawing up a personal profile of

me! "Now LOOK, little boy, I think I know what YOUR trouble is! You need to be MOTHERED! I think your mommy didn't have TIME for you when you were a snotty-nosed brat, and I'm going to have to CORRECT all that crap. That is, if you can physically and mentally TAKE it!!!"

I was quick to reply that I would be MOST cooperative with ANYTHING she had in store for me and would humbly appreciate serving at her feet. I guess she LIKED this dialog because she set up a meeting for the following week. She advised me to get lots of sleep the night before meeting her. I was



going to be put through the ropes and she didn't want me "POOPING-OUT" on her. I was later to find out what she MEANT by this phrase.

Friday evening, I rang the door chime to an elaborate home in the exclusive section of Holmy Hills. Gosh! For the life of me, I couldn't figure how a person like a "Mistress" could live in such exclusive surroundings as the Hills. I thought only MOVIE STARS could afford to live there. Anyway, after a few seconds, someone answered the electronic intercom and asked who was ringing. I answered by saying my name, John Farnsworth!

"Come in."

The massive door, decorated with "period kitch," swung open via an electrical system and I cautiously stepped inside.

The interior of the huge front room was pleasant enough and didn't remind me of any "dungeon" that I had associated Mistresses with. Looking



around, it even reminded me of my OWN quarters deep in the heart of East Los Angeles.

A stout woman appeared from the entrance of another room, introducing herself as Mistress X. An accompanying figure, walking a few steps to her rear, was simply introduced as her "maid." The Mistress explained that her maid took care of all the "light work" while she, the Mistress, saw to the MAJOR activity, as she called it.

The maid was REALLY a cute number, with sexy legs worth looking at TWICE. But, upon closer scrutiny, I soon discovered that the "maid" was really a MAN dressed up in female attire. He was a DRAG QUEEN!

My sex glands started pumping overtime as I comprehended the situation I was about to enter into. I was really turned on by the fact that a buxom dominant woman and a beautiful drag queen wanted to administer "correction" to me.

"I just KNEW you were a big baby, you oversized shithead! Now, your NEW Mommy is going to train you like you SHOULD have been trained!"

Mistress X and her subservient maid brought out a few boxes containing costumes. Together, they methodically started to sort out the tops from the bottoms. Laughingly, they propped up baby clothing against the huge framework of my body. If the boys at work could have seen me then, they would have died laughing. (You know how CONSTRUCTION workers are.) The characters I work with always try to maintain that macho-look and masculinity is VERY important to them.

After picking out a few frilly things for me to wear, Mistress X instructed me to go into her bathroom and change into the foreign garments. I obediently did JUST AS I WAS INSTRUCTED to do.

As I was putting on the soft booties and powder-colored baby suit, I felt myself mentally regressing into what could only be described as an infantile frame of mind. I was leaving behind all the hardships of everyday living as a grown-up, and with it, all the adult responsibilities.

Exiting the bathroom, I was again greeted by Mistress X and her maid. Apparently, THEY were not wasting any time while I was getting dressed in the john; they had erected a playpen, a simple enclosure that little boys and girls play in. And, it was custom made to be a play enclosure for ME!

Talking in soothing, reassuring tones, Mistress X coaxed me into the playpen and told me she wanted to see me play with the little plastic rattles and furry teddy bears she had conveniently placed there.

I lay down, allowing my mind to completely relax while I fondled the rattles and other assorted types of toys I had probably played with as a













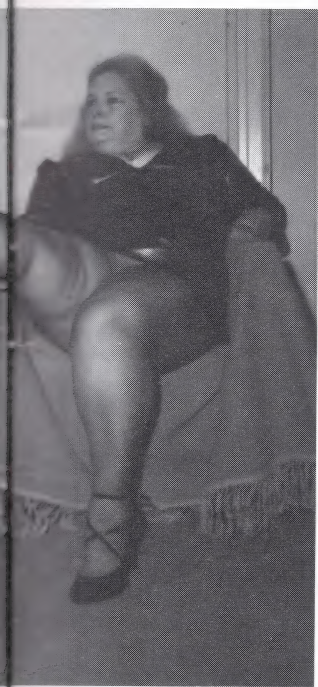


youngster . . . only NOW, I was AWARE of these light-hearted items and capable of ENJOYING them without any passage of time obliterating my memory.

Mistress X quietly informed me that it was my nap time, and she wanted me to take a half-hour nap. She would then awaken me and together with the maid, we would ALL play "horsey" or some other child-oriented game. I curled up in the playpen and fell fast asleep, secure in the knowledge that my Mistress would take care of all my needs.

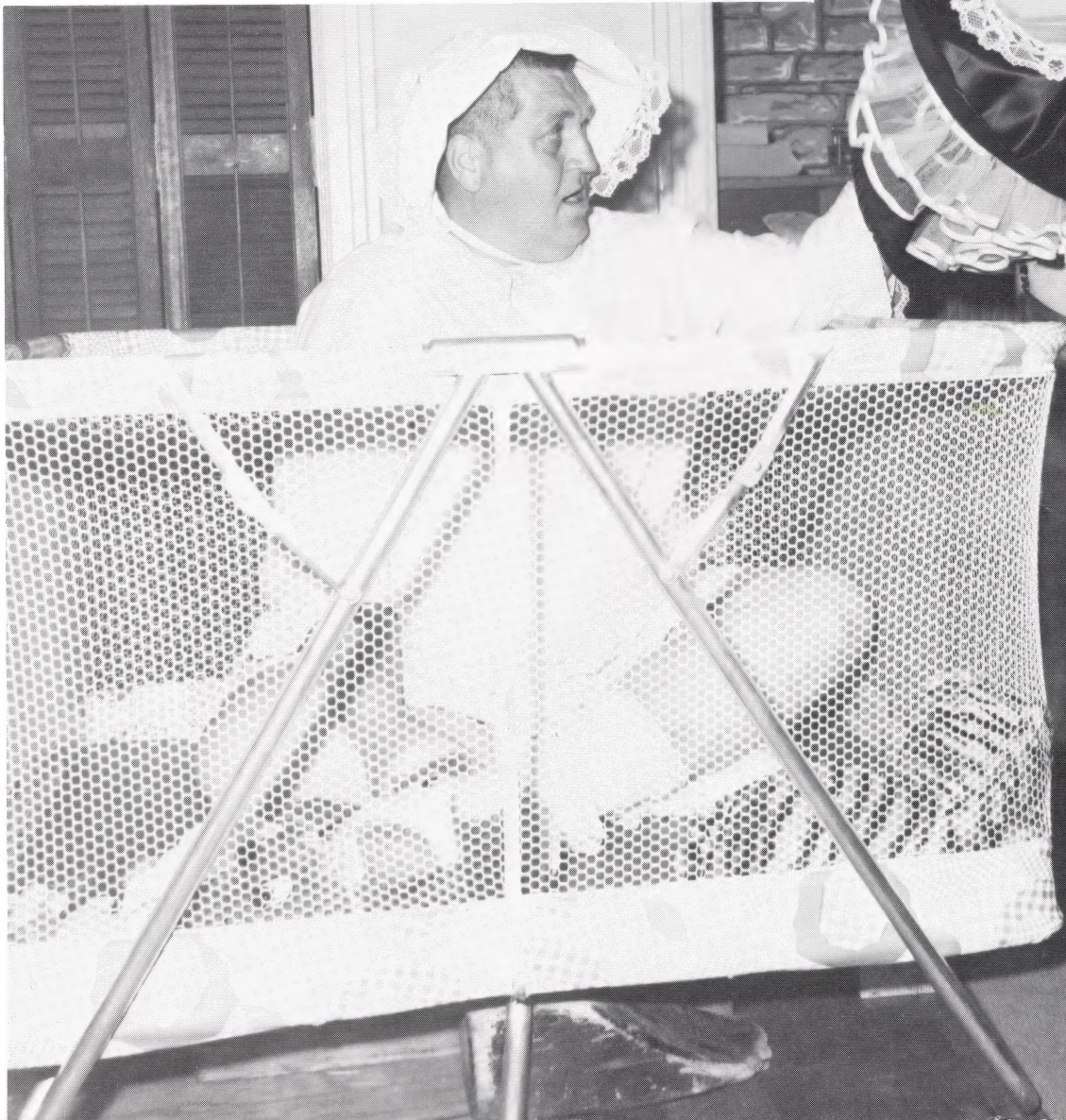
I awoke to something trying to prod its way into my mouth. It was soft, spongy, hot, long, and pliable. At first, I thought it might be a cock, but after opening up my sleepy eyes, I discovered it to be nothing more than a nipple from a heated formula bottle. A warm, strange tasting liquid squirted into my mouth, reminding me of certain body





























fluids I was previously acquainted with. I was afraid to ask my Mistress-Mother what she had prepared for me to drink. She might have TOLD me. So, I sucked all the contents of the bottle out, deciding that ignorance is bliss. The off-white substance dribbled out of the corners of my mouth and down to my chin.

Upon seeing this crude display of slobbering, the Mistress and maid BOTH chastised me and told me that I was a bad little boy. They scolded me, threatening to take away all my toys. In fact, the more they talked about it, the madder they GOT! The upshot of it all was that they commanded me to get out of the secure surroundings the playpen represented, and take some punishment that I justly deserved; a SPANKING! Can you imagine THAT??? A grown-up man turned into a BABY

and subjected to a SPANKING! I was so THRILLED by the aspect of it, I almost pissed in my diapers!

First, the Mistress applied some solid hard whacks to my blubbery ass, and when she tired from swinging the paddle, the maid took over. Every time the paddle landed on my butt, it stung my bare ass into a blushing skintone.

I wondered, as I was enduring all the pain they were subjecting me to, if my MOTHER ever had me undergo such degradation. No, not MY mother. SHE would NEVER have done to me what THESE ladies were now doing!

I guess the Mistress thought all that liquid intake filled my little tummy because she lovingly positioned me over her shoulder and BURPED me. Ah, it felt so good relieving the pent-up gases in my



tum-tum! With a loud, raspy sound, I belched up whatever it was I previously drank down. In DOING so, the smell of sperm escaped through my nostrils and windpipe.

I politely asked, in baby-talk fashion, if I could go potty, but the Mistress was a true disciplinarian Dominatrix. She told me that I was a bad boy and

wouldn't let me go to ANYWHERE, let alone potty. I protested, in vain, explaining that I had weak kidneys and had to wee-wee when the urge arose, or there would be a "PROBLEM!" This information didn't deter the Mistress OR her maid from demanding that I stay put!

In fact, the Mistress UNDERSCORED her orders



by the revelation that it was now time for me to have some warm milk ... from a SKIN CONTAINER! Mistress X sat me down next to her and tenderly explained in a very motherly way how she was going to have me suck on her big tits. She told me that she wanted my fat sloppy lips wrapped around her tender nipples and she wanted "baby-

kins" (me), to suck to my heart's content. With that, she pulled out a ponderous mammary from the tight confines of her bra and as I stared at it only six inches away, it seemed a delicious sight. I couldn't wait to fill my greedy, wet mouth with it.

AGAIN I protested to the Mistress that I had to go potty. AGAIN, she told me to shut up and













a
B
C

drove HOME the point by shoving her huge tit right into my open mouth! The warm fullness of her silky-soft skin filled my yawning orifice and I hungrily sucked the erect, rosy nipple that jutted from her tit!

While paying oral homage to her, I was squirming around on the floor, trying to keep my kidneys from failing, emptying my bladder of all its salty contents. But, to no avail! Within a few minutes, I detected the liquid warmth of urine fill my diapers and well around my loins.

Looking sheepishly towards the all-knowing face of Mistress X, I tried to break the news that I had pee-pee'd all over and was SITTING in it! In fact, I was SWIMMING in it.

The Mistress looked disdainfully at me and started reading the riot act once again. She sternly in-



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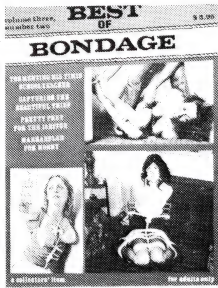
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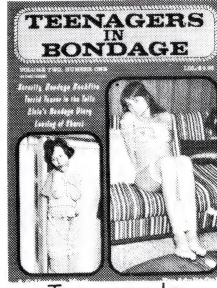
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Best of Bondage - 2



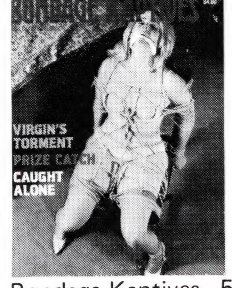
Best of Bondage - 3



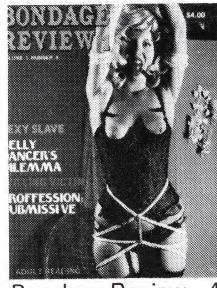
Teenagers In
Bondage 2/1



Bondage Kaptives - 4



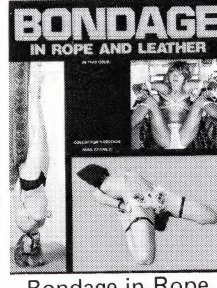
Bondage Kaptives - 5



Bondage Review - 4



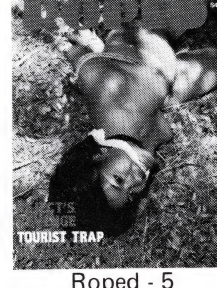
Bondage Review - 5



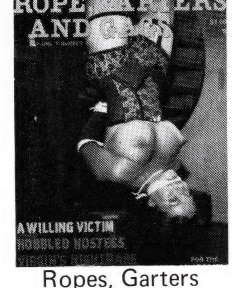
Bondage in Rope
and Leather - 1



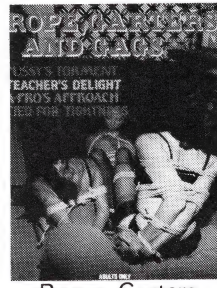
Helpless - 5



Roped - 5



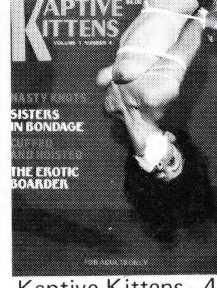
Ropes, Garters
& Gags - 4



Ropes, Garters
& Gags - 5



Housewives
In Bondage - 5



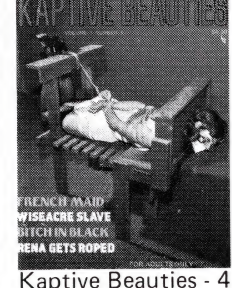
Kaptive Kittens - 4



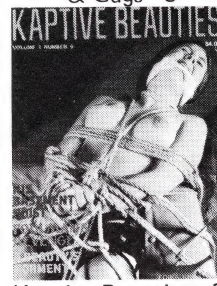
Kaptive Kittens - 5



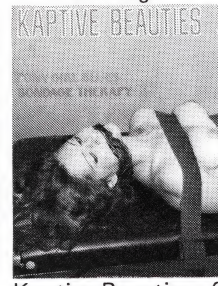
Kaptive Kittens - 6



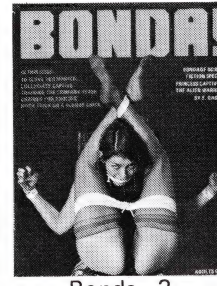
Kaptive Beauties - 4



Kaptive Beauties - 5



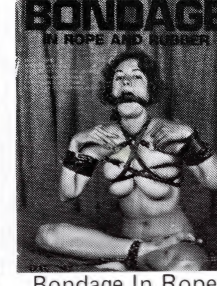
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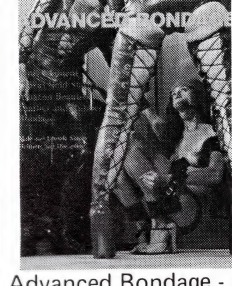
Bonda - 2



Bondage Digest - 3



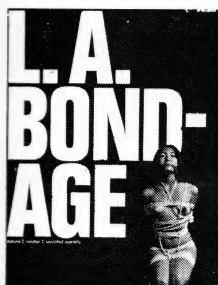
Bondage In Rope
& Rubber - 2



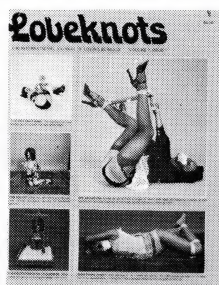
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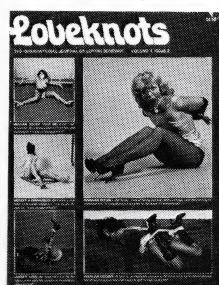
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L.A. Bondage - 1



Love Knots - 1



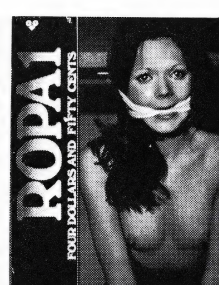
Love Knots - 2



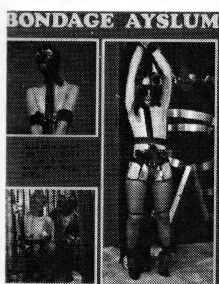
Hot Fox Bondage - 1



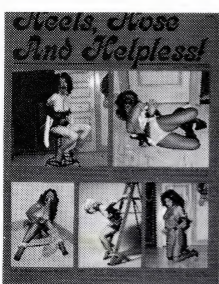
Hot Fox Bondage - 2



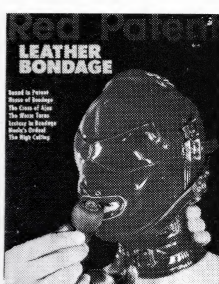
Ropa - 1



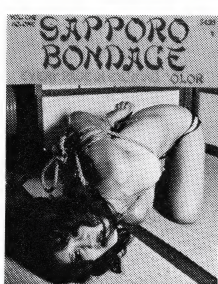
Bondage Aylum - 1



Hose, Heels
& Helpless - 1



Red Patent - 2



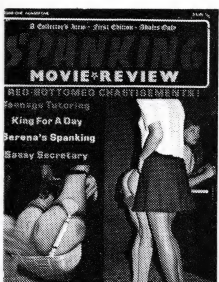
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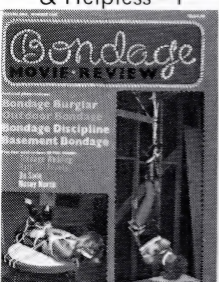
Osaka Bondage - 1



Kyoto Bondage - 1



Spanking
Movie Review



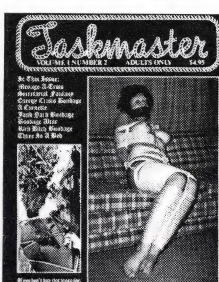
Bondage Movie
Review - 1



Bondage Movie
Review - 2



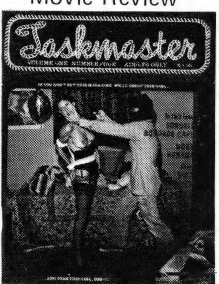
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Taskmaster - 2



Taskmaster - 3



Taskmaster - 4



Tokyo Bondage - 1

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formed me that I was completely incorrigible and would see to it that I would be taken care of in a manner prescribed by the dictates of medical science . . . she was going to see that I had an ENEMA squirted into my rectum! Now, THAT DID IT!!! With all the HUMILIATION and DEGRADATION I had been put through, I wasn't ABOUT to be the recipient of an ENEMA! No sir-EEE! Not ME!!! The short nozzle of the enema bag prodded into my protesting asshole. My muscles involuntarily twitched as the tip of the plastic tube made contact with my tender rectal skin.

"Now, this won't hurt a BIT, babykins." The maid was preparing me mentally for the physical penetration she was initiating. I felt the nozzle push through my shitter with a little difficulty . . . and then slip right on IN! The maid then squeezed the contents of the bag and my bowels immediately filled up with some kind of a warm liquid. It actually felt SOOTHING in a strange sort of a way.

"Hold it in by squeezing your rectum muscles, child!" I was told.

Obediently, I squeezed my sphincter muscles and was then given a few good slaps on my ass by the Mistress, shaking and mixing up the liquid within me that much MORE! At long last, I was instructed to empty my rectum's contents into a glass fishbowl, which I did!

Cleaning me up was somewhat of a chore, since I was so large compared to the Mistress and her maid. But they managed to wipe me and powder me dry to a nice sweet-smelling condition. They both showered me with affection and praise at this point, telling me how cute a "little man" I was and how handsome I was going to be when I grew up. I guess they were pretending I WAS a baby, because I am well over two hundred and fifty pounds, soaking wet.

At this point, it was all over, and I thought I'd be given a chance to go back into the bathroom to change into my street clothes. Apparently, the Mistress and her maid had OTHER plans for me!

As the Mistress continued extolling my cuteness and treating me like I was the winner of a citywide baby beauty contest, the maid was on the telephone giving directions to someone.

Twenty minutes later, I heard the front doorbell chimes ring. As the Mistress swung open the door, there stood a cab driver.

I was to travel home dressed just as I was . . . in BABY attire! Oh, the shame of it! As I crawled into the back seat of the cab, the Mistress and her maid tearfully gave me a kiss on my cheek and said it was wonderful having me over and next time, they would even take me to the local playground to go on the swings and slides. Now, that's what I call motherly love!





